## BRISBANE
### THIS WEEK

A Tough Old Bird
Five Billions More?
News of Hogs
Reincarnation Wanted

Arthur Brisbane

Arthur B. Pinchot, who has interests and claims others profitable truth about the timber question, is going to run for governor of Pennsylvania as a Republican. He will have a good fight with the Democratic boss of the state, Governor Earle, who has the support of the President. Pinchot, however, is a tough old bird, and will probably win. He has a personality, and a record. Pennsylvania needs both.

Senator Borah, one of the senate's wise men, predicts that congress will not quit November 1, and that the Democratic leaders will be unwise if they do. Some people will be disappointed, for they want to know about all the billions to enjoy or appropriate for this year.

Two thousand new hundred and twenty millions of the money would pay the soldiers' bonus. Seven hundred and three thousand millions would be used to take up mortgages on farms.

Others will try to divide that price where Secretary Ickes could have from Kansas fifty-ten dollars and ten cents for a hog weighing one hundred pounds. That may not seem much to you, it means much to the farmers that is, to those who raise hogs. And for housekeepers that buy sausages.

For some mysterious reason, when pork and sausages are cheap, meat sausages prices go up 10 per cent.

Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, Jr., commanding Brooklyn navy yard, says he intends to protect our interests in the Pacific. That sounds sweet coming from Admiral Stirling, who holds 60 submarines, 20 destroyers, 10 cruisers, and is preparing six torpedo tubes, powerful guns, below the water line. The Pacific and return, without refueling, Japan said, was a special feat of eight submarines for planting mines near Honolulu. Any one of them able to operate 7,000 miles from their base could place 42 bombs in the path of enemy shipping.

Newell F. Sherman, chair shipper, Troy Knoot master fell in love with a girl at Lakewood, Ohio, and, to make his way clear he spent a year, meanwhile, getting the mother of his two children into the state of Nevada, where they got from the host until she sank and drowned. The young gentleman is 6 feet 4 inches tall, but not quite tall enough that conditions he arranged to fit him.

You will hope that no tender-hearted parole board will say, "We ought to have another chance." Give chance to those who remember the fate of your two children, seems enough.

Rome reports Fascist excitement because "Japan assumes the role of Abyssinia's champion." Not quite so.

Mussolini's press says Japan sets herself up as leader of Asiatic and African peoples in defense of civilization and culture of the white race."

A Fascist newspaper calls Japan "the enemy of Europe which is now dreaming of world conquest." That seems to be a big order with only a spark lacking.

Scientists experimenting with guinea pigs take one or two or a hundred guinea pigs, inject all the guinea pigs at once.

College professors, union labor leaders rushing to Washington, all want a better government, gentlemen who believe in no government at all, and other experimenters, should select a definite number of American guinea pigs for experiments. Suggestion on the 120,000,000 all at once.

Miss Margaret McDermott, minister lady of Chicago, left $100,000 to an evil spirit dog. Most wives, and executors saying they simply "adore animals," especially spirit dogs, and would like to take care of "Pete" in return for the income on $100,000.

That illustrates what leave large fortunes to daughters or sons. Fortune hunters from all parts of Europe ready to spend money left to daughters, and scheming ladies, foreign or native, all ready to help a rich gentleman spend his inherited money, as recently illustrated in a certain Ryan case.

Moscow dispatches say the Soviet's north polar flight from Moscow to San Francisco may start any day. If three Russian airmen make that 6,000-mile flight, nonstop, from Moscow to San Francisco successfully, San Francisco will be interested, and Washington, D. C., ought to be interested.

The government might even interest itself in building some long-distance planes.

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## When It's Hot on New York's East Side

Courtesy of Herald Tribune

Crowds of people jammed into the east side of New York city in a short search, trying to escape the scorching heat. Above, a mother cooling her baby's face with a fan.

## BIRTHDAY

parties come and go
but the hippo's
takes the
## CAKE

"Twice" the hippopotamus in the Bronx zoo, New York, celebrated his fourth birthday recently. Below, he

and one of his admirers presented him with a cake with one candle. The photograph was taken before the hippo disappeared in Pearl Harbor on Change.

Another birthday was celebrated recently when a baby was born to a hippo on Change.

## Huge Boeing Bomber Built for Army Air Corps

After a year of secret operating this greatest bombing plane in the world, the Boeing 250, was completed for the army air corps at Seattle and appeared for test flights. It has four 750-horsepower motors, a wing spread of more than 100 feet and is 70 feet long. Its weight is about 15 tons and its expected speed 250 miles an hour.

## NO MORE
will U. S. be caught unprepared for ravages of
## DUST

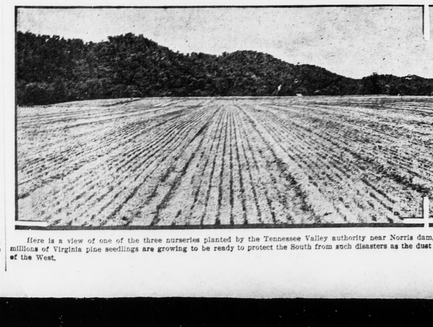
Senator Shipstead Shows Them How

Three-fourths of all the farm land in the United States is threatened with crop and soil damage from dust storms, according to the Department of Agriculture. The annual loss is estimated at $500,000,000 a year. Erosion destroys 3,000,000,000 tons of soil—enough to build a wall around what would embrace the world 37 times at the equator—annually.

During the next ten years the forest service will plant 2,500,000,000 trees in the prairie states, in strips a mile wide, spaced feet wide and a mile apart, in an effort to stop the dust storms.

Educational programs and other aids are being given to farmers throughout the dust bowl. Senator Shipstead is shown in the great, thirsty, yellow plague of dust.

In the area where the TVA operates work is being pushed rapidly forward. As stated by Director David Lilienthal, "We believe in no government by leaflings which, when grown, will give little to the dust storms.



Here is a view of one of the three nurseries planted by the Tennessee Valley authority near Norris dam, where millions of Virginia pine seedlings are growing to be ready to protect the South from such disasters as the dust storms of the West.

## SEEN and HEARD
around the
## National Capital

By CARTER FIELD

Washington.—No one knows where the Spirit of '35 will—first manifested its exuberance with the President's tax proposal as the keynote—but this exhaustless world raises—some from. But it is no secret that administration leaders are having a hard time finding the revenue to finance the recovery program for the Brandeis-Frankfurter spending break in the New Deal.

### Using Wrong Tactics

Wherefore Eastern industrial opposition of long set, particularly through the United States Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers, neither of which can make a representative out of a doubtful district, or worry a New York senator.

Just why Business in general does not take a leaf from the insulting success which attended the latter week campaigns of publicity and propaganda is hard to figure. Not because this type of thing succeeds, but because it utilizes much good. The first half of tough enough on the holding company law, but the second half, which takes jurisdiction to shut Boeuf-Wheeler, is a horse of another color.

The significant fact is that this proposal was not mentioned in a single message to congress. Nevertheless, it is for precisely what the letter was designed. The fact that the White House writers did not demand enough in the message to satisfy Senator Wheeler, one of the authors of the bill, is not the question in this connection. The point is that they asked for—from the beginning—nearly exactly what they got. What they want any time—if it is not clear enough, and in time. A reasonable estimate of revenue to be derived from the undistributed profits tax in each congressional district can easily be made. It will be easy for anyone to pass on whatever to the tax-writing committee. His only concern is votes or politics.

This was not so important up to the new day. In the days when business was booming, Ed Dutiess was elected through them.

### Why Ickes Worries

Secretary Ickes is afraid that the sliding scale idea is just the opening wedge—that the present proposed top rate—if the administration has its way—is only the beginning—that the eventual object is to make little ones out of big ones. And "big ones" does not just mean a few enormous corporations such as United States Steel, General Motors, American Telephone, etc. It includes virtually every business big enough to have its stock listed on the New York stock exchange list. Or on the Curb, for that matter.

The highest proposed rate, 75% per cent, applies on all corporate income in excess of $20,000,000. But the next lowest rate, 17 per cent, includes all corporations with income in excess of $1,000,000. Actually, for all the talk of taxes being reduced on "small" corporations, only those with incomes below $40,000 a year have their taxes reduced. And even that reduction is trifling.

In making this sweeping determination of policy President Roosevelt, though this may be denied officially, ignored the advice of both Treasury Secretary Morgenthau and Brain Trust-er Moley. It represents a complete

### Want More Taxes

Act of which is only important politically. Actually what is important is not what is going to be done in the successful achievers to the President believe the treasury should have $5,000,000,000 a year more than it has now coming in. Also—this opinion was held by the late Huey Long and the Ickes applies AAA processing taxes.

If you will examine the highest scale of taxes on business, you will find they add to the house ways and means committee, and the senate finance committee, by about one-fourth, the taxes would represent the treasury increment on what is planned to be done with the Pacific and return, without refueling. Japan said, was a special feat of eight submarines for planting mines near Honolulu. Any one of them able to operate 7,000 miles from their base could place 42 bombs in the path of enemy shipping.

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### Lesson for August 11

DANIEL

LESSON TEXT—Daniel 1:8-20, GOLDEN TEXT—Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God?—I Corinthians 6:19.
PRIMARY TOPIC—How Daniel Grew Strong.
JUNIOR TOPIC—Ten Times Strong.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Obeying the Laws of Health.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Motives for Total Abstinence.

The lesson committee has designated this lesson, "Temperance and Health." In the use of this as a temperance lesson it must be borne in mind that it is temperance in the sense of self-mastery, rather than having to do with indulgence in intoxicating liquors. Daniel's self-mastery was due to his right relation and loyalty to his God. It is utterly futile to hope to enforce a program of temperance upon those who are in rebellion against God.

I. Daniel in Captivity in Babylon (vv. 1-4).

Daniel with his companions were carried away to Babylon in the first seige of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. At the command of the king, certain choice young men were carried away because they were "skillful in wisdom, and cunning in knowledge, and understanding science," that they might be trained to stand in the king's palace.

II. Daniel's Trials (vv. 5-7).

1. Conscience tested (v. 5). By the appointment of the king, a daily provision was arranged of the king's meat and wine for Daniel and his companions. This was contrary to the custom among the godly Jews. Being contrary to the Jewish customs they could not conscientiously partake of them.

2. The change of name (vv. 6, 7). Among the Hebrews names were given to children which were most suitable, as Daniel means "God is my Judge." The significance of this name is that all the problems of life were submitted to God for a decision. God was made the arbitrator of his life. His name was changed to Belteshazzar, which means "He's prince." It meant, therefore, one whom the chief god of the Babylonians favors. Hananiah always means "gift or beloved of Jehovah." His name was changed to Shadrach, which signified "illumined by the sun god, Rach." Mishael means "who is as God?" His name was changed to Meshach, which means "who is like the goddess, Shesach, the great gentile one?" Azariah means "Jehovah is our help." This was changed to Abednego, which means "the servant of Nego." Back of the change of names was the attempt of Satan to wipe out the name of the true God.

III. Daniel's Courtesy (vv. 8-13). Daniel seems to have been the spokesman for the company. Although his heart was fixed, he did not forget to be a gentleman. He requested to be excused from this meat and drink. In order that he be not defiled. We should learn from this that in times even of great trials we should be courteous. When Daniel asked that a test be made as to the effect of the food upon the countenance of himself and companions, gracious consideration was given to them.

IV. Daniel's Triumph (vv. 14-21).

1. As to physical health (vv. 14-16). A test was made for ten days, and it was shown that Daniel and his companions were fairer in countenance and fatter in flesh than those who indulged in the eating of the king's meat. This meat and wine would have been pleasant to the palate, but would have meant a compromise of the conscience. It is obligatory upon God's children today to abstain from that which is contrary to his law.

2. Spiritual insight (v. 17). Because of Daniel's loyalty to God, Nebuchadnezzar's dream was revealed to him (2:31-45), and he was given visions and knowledge of the whole history of the world.

3. Mental growth (vv. 17-20). Daniel and his companions were found to be ten times superior in matters of wisdom and understanding to their fellow comrades. Those who abstain from indulgence in the use of strong drinks have clearer minds and are thus better equipped mentally for their work than those who indulge these appetites.

4. Their social s... political preference (v. 19). They stood before the king. No higher position of influence and honor could have been given them.

5. Their temporal influence (v. 21). They were all advanced to positions of influence, and Daniel became president of the college of wise men, and the prime minister of the nation. This position he continued to hold during several dynasties.

### Good Actions

Do you act as if you had ten thousand years to throw away. Death and years to throw away. Death stands at your elbow. Be good for something, while you live and it is in your power. What remains but to live easy and cheerful, and crowd one good action so close to another that there may be the least empty space between them.

### Habit

Habit is the magistrate of our lives; and, therefore, we should see that we have good habits.—Lord Bacon.



# HOSTILE VALLEY
## by Ben Ames Williams

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### SYNOPSIS

At a gathering of cronies in the village of Liberty, Maine, Jim Saladine begins to the history of the neighborhood—Hostile Valley—its past tragedies, its superb fishing streams, and, above all, the mysterious, saturnine Ulalady, wife of Will Ferrin, across to the Valley in a day's fishing, though admitting to himself his chief reason is to see the glamorous Huldy Ferris. "Old man" Pierce and her granddaughter Jenny live in the Valley. Since childhood Jenny has been in love with young Will Ferrin, but Huldy, who regards her as a child, will leave to take employment in nearby Augusta. His father's death brings Will back to the Valley, but he returns to Augusta, still unconscious of Jenny's womanhood, and Mrs. Neighbors of the Pierces are Bart and Amy Carey, brother and sister. Bart, unmarried and something of a never-do-well, is attracted by Jenny. The girl resents him definitely. Learning that Will is coming home, Jenny, excited, sets his long-empty house "to rights," and has dinner ready for him.

### CHAPTER II—Continued

"It's me, Will!" she said. "Come in. All's ready for you here. Welcome home."

"Jenny?" he cried. "Why, Jen, I take this neighborly of you folks. Where's Granny?"

"Home," she told him.

"You do all this?" he asked, delightedly.

"I didn't want you coming to a cold empty house," she said. "Supper's all ready; or it can be in ten minutes. Chicken stew, and doughnuts, and Moseby pie; and there are biscuits ready to bake, and the oven's hot." Her heart leaped when, finding her fears at last answering her will, "Come in. Will. Take off your hat." she bade him. "Set down and I'll . . ."

The word died in her throat. For behind Will, in the open door, a woman had appeared. Jenny saw her, and was starred; and the woman smiled. Then Will, perceiving by Jenny's countenance what had happened, turned, and took the woman gently by the arm and drew her into the kitchen to stand there beside him.

"Jenny," he said proudly, "this here's my wife. This is Huldy."

Dreadful aching agony of emptiness; strength draining sickeningly away.

"Huldy," said Will, "Jennie's come and made all ready for us. I told you that folks was friendly here."

Hubly smiled; something in her faint mirth at once insolent and protective, at once arrogant and acquiescent.

"She looks mighty friendly to you, Will," she said, a barb in the words.

"Why, she is." Will declared, blindly content. "Always was. She wan't but a young one when I see her the last time, the time Pa died." He turned to Jenny. "You're real grown up now, Jenny," he said.

The word somehow lent Jenny strength. Her spine stiffened and her head bared and her tone was calm. "You come in and set, Mis' Ferrin," she said equably, "I guess you're tired. Bart he gone to home, and I'll get supper on."

But when this task was done, she would not stay to eat with them. Valor would not sustain her so far. "It's late," she explained. "If you'd come earlier, I might stay and wash dishes; but Granny will be wondering about me now."

And when supper was on the table, Jenny had them both good night, in strong steady tones, and took herself away. Out through the barn, down the orchard slope, down the steep trail to the stream.

She went blundering through the dark woods, her eyes hot and dry with tears that would not flow.

### CHAPTER III

When Jenny, struggling through the deep woods, her eyes burning for the anodyne of tears, emerged at last into the open meadow land and saw the bulk of the barn ahead, she ran stumblingly, in haste to come home to the yard by the old woman's understanding arms. She rounded the barn and saw a light in the kitchen; but she saw too near a team in the yard, and so was warned that her grandmother was not alone, and had time to steady herself before she came to the kitchen door.

Bart was here. He had been in Liberty village when Will drove through, had hailed Will and heard an ear-splitting call; but Will did not halt, so Bart had not seen Huldy. Yet he had seen, dimly, the form of a woman in the seat beside Will; and before Jenny arrived now, he had told this much to old Marm Pierce, sitting by the stove before the open oven door.

"Brought some one to keep house for him, like as not," was the opinion he hazarded; but Marm Pierce knew misgivings, even before Jenny appeared, Jenny came in composedly enough, but her countenance was a haggard mask, eloquent of torment and of pain; and Marm Pierce rose quickly and came between the girl and Bart, to shield Jenny from his eyes.

"He come finally, did he, Jen?" she asked. "You're late enough."

"He only just got there," Jenny explained. "I stayed to put the supper on."

Marm Pierce nodded, and she told Jenny: "Bart see Will go through the village. He says as how there was a woman with him in the car."

Jenny said in husky tones, "Yes Granny. It's his wife. Will's got married."

Her voice was terribly steady, as rigid as steel. Marm Pierce was shocked motionless; and even Bart could in this moment read Jenny's secret in her eyes. Before the old woman could move, he stood up and came toward the girl.

"Why, Jen," he said warmly, "I guessed you liked Will pretty well yere own self, didn't you?" He chuckled, yet not in a fashion to cause her any pain. "I always had a notion you did," he confessed. "I knew with him around there wa'n't a chance for us, but when he went away, I kind of thought . . ."

And he urged: "Don't you grieve for Will, Jen! There's men enough, not as fine as him maybe, but . . ."

Marm Pierce said harshly: "Bart, you shut your mouth. Let the child alone!"

Bart protested: "Ma'am, I'm sorry for her. I want to—kind of comfort her. I'd marry Jen in a minute if she'd have me. Guess she knows it, too."

"Well, she won't," the old woman told him. "Don't you see she wants to cry now? You go along and get out of here."

And she bundled him unceremoniously through the door. Bart, outside, climbing into his buggy, wondered at the sudden flooding ardor which had made him speak so openly. He had no least mind to marry, had not contemplated doing so; yet there had been in Jenny's eyes just now something so broken with longing and deep hunger that he had been swept into a flood of words. Jen was uncontemned forgetfulness, eager to assuage her grief. Will, he thought, was blind and dumb and blamable; he had a quixotic impulse to go thrash the other man for failing to see that Jenny loved him, for failing to understand.

But before he came home, he began to be curious about this wife of Will's. He would want to see her by and by. Jenny, alone with her grandmother, wept long weary tears, till she slept at last from very pain and deep fatigue; and old Marm Pierce sat by her long, that night, brooding over the hurt child, tender and fond. Already she hated Huldy Ferrin for hurting Jenny so.

But when Jenny woke in the morning it was composedly. She was older; older even to her grandmother's accustomed eyes. But there was no longer any panic of bereavement in her, nor any vehemence of outcry at the blow that had struck so abruptly and so hard. Her world might be broken at her feet; but her head still was high. She went calmly about the common daily tasks, which can so often by their familiar monotony bring comfort to a distracted mind; and when Marm Pierce spoke not at all of Will that day or the next. When they did, at last, it was Marm Pierce who asked the question, Jenny who answered her.

"He's married, Granny," she said, in a tone of finality. "That's all there is to it, or ever can be. I didn't grow up soon enough for him, that's all!"

And she reflected with a surprising wisdom: "Like enough there's been other girls that loved a man, and had to see him marry somewhere else before they come to be women. And all they could do was grieve the rest of their lives?"

"You'll have a main of men to pick and choose from, Jenny," Marm Pierce told her stoutly. "Any man with sense . . ."

Jenny smiled faintly. "Like Bart?" she suggested, amused.

"Well, there'll be others," the older woman insisted. "Wait and see."

So they spoke no more of Will for a while thereafter; but a week after Will's homecoming, on a Sunday afternoon, the old car in which he had returned from Augusta came bouncing down the road and stopped in front of the Pierce door; and Huldy and then Will descended.

Marm Pierce and Jenny were in the kitchen, and the old woman would have protected Jenny from this encounter, but the girl went bravely to the door and opened it and stepped out upon the porch to greet them.

"Afternoon, Mis' Ferrin," she said. "Hello, Will. It's neighborly of you to come over. Granny and me, we'd have come to see you, before now, but Granny can't walk so far."

Huldy smiled, a slow, deep smile, with slumber-lidded eyes. "I'm glad," she said to say much obliged to you, Jenny, for fixing up the house and all." She touched Huldy's arm, proudly. "Huldy's a housekeeper her own self; but she ain't found a speck of dust anywhere."

"Come in and set," old Marm Pierce invited briskly, and they did come in. Huldy moved indifferent to her surroundings; yet even Jenny was conscious that there was a powerful disturbance in the very air about this woman. She had not, the other night, seen Huldy clearly; she saw now that Will's wife was beyond question beautiful, as a flame is beautiful. Hair black as ink; and black eyes half veiled yet bright and warm; and her cheek a fine brown from long acquaintance with the sun. Jenny could wonder at the other's beauty, and at the same time fear it and shrink from it with an instinctive alarm. Without knowing why, she wished to draw away from Huldy; and as though in proof to herself that she had no such desire, she spoke to the woman.

"Take off your coat," she said. "You and Will, you'll have to stay and visit; stay to supper."

Huldy smiled with faint amusement, yet obeyed; and Will sat down and he talked in the old friendly fashion for a while; of his long absence, and his work in Augusta.

"I done well there," he said. "Saved good money. But I'm glad to be back, just the same."

He looked at Huldy proudly. "Huldy here, she had so many beaus after her all the time, when I finally talked her into marrying me, I fetched her away from them quick's I could. Dunno how I ever got her, but I aim to keep her now."

Marm Pierce made a noncommittal sound; and Jenny said politely: "I hope you'll like, here, Mis' Ferrin."

Huldy looked at her husband. "I'd like being anywhere with Will," she said in slow deep tones. "I like big men."

The two other women were uncomfortable; but Will was not. He beamed, and talked on, contentedly; but Huldy in the end would not stay to supper. "I've got beans on the stove," she reminded Will. "We'd best get along." And as they said good-by, she explained to Jenny: "You can't blame me for going on home. I'm still a bride, and I'd like to have Will all to myself. I guess you know how that is!"

And led Will, like a captive, away. When they were gone, Jenny was silent, hurt without knowing how she had been hurt, wounded without being

"She Looks Mighty Friendly to You, Will."

able to put her finger on the wound; but Marm Pierce was not in the least mystified.

"She's a hussy!" she exclaimed.

"Will's cut him off a bigger piece than he can chew. She'll make him dance a pretty tune."

Jenny turned to the stove to set the kettle on, unable to speak; and Marm Pierce added indignantly: "I've seen women before with them sleepy eyes, like they wa'n't more'n half awake. But Will, the dumb fool, is blind as a bat. She'll put a ring in his nose; she'll bring him up with his toes a-dragging!"

Jenny whirled toward the older woman. "If she's not good to him, I'll kill her!" she cried.

So Marm Pierce perceived the girl's distress, and sought to ease her. "There, Jen," she said quickly. "Don't you mind! There's nought to do for Will now. You go read the Book of Proverbs! You'll find a heap of wisdom there. Norwood will be his dish, soon or late. Maybe if he'd read his Bible, he'd have knowed better than to marry her; but I dunno. Many a man's let a woman take him with her eyelids, like the Bible says. Pore Will!"

"I'll . . ." Jenny whispered.

"No and you won't," the old woman, an interrupted stoutly. She shook her head. "Nought you can do but would make it worse for Will, and for you, too, Jen. Stay away from him, from the both of them. Let fire burn, Jen. It will come to ashes by and by."

And Jenny was hushed and silenced; and the wise old woman went to get the supper ready.

Summer was upon them now, and during the months that followed, Jenny saw Will not at all. There was a stir of new activity in the Valley, which served in some degree as a distraction. In July, a man named Seth Humphreys, from Augusta, set up a steam shovel far below Marm Pierce's farm. They could hear, unless the wind were wrong, the reiterant whine of the saw; and now and then some one of the men who worked there, with a minor cut or wound, came to ask Marm Pierce to heal his hurt for him. She had a salve with virtues which were famous, and she could minister to the lesser physical ailments which sometimes attacked them.

When one of these men appeared, Jenny stayed usually in the background; but they were a harmless lot, rough and strong and spending their days in hard physical toil, yet toward a woman gentle and shy. Sometimes she saw one or two of them slipping through the open land between the house and the woods toward the brook. A path from the mill cut through the woods direct to Carey's bridge.

"Going up to sample Bart Carey's rum," Marm Pierce guessed with a grim disapproval, "Jen, you keep away from them. Stay out of the woods, down that way. None of 'em to hurt you, less'n they was drunk; but I never did believe in putting ideas into a man's head. You stay away."

She had in fact some reasons for concern which she did not explain to Jenny. People were apt to confide in this wise old woman, and she heard things Jenny did not hear. Amy Carey, Bart's sister, came one afternoon when Jenny had gone toward the brook, so that the old woman was alone; and Amy was troubled.

"The mill crew, they're around the house all the time," she explained. "And Bart, he's had a couple men staying there from Augusta, that let on they come to fish; but they don't bring home any trout. They go off down the brook every day, and come back at night, and no fish to fry. And they never come before."

Her eyes were uneasy. "It's that woman," she said. "I've heard 'em talk about her. They knowed her in Augusta; and Seth Humphreys, he did too. One of 'em said the other night that's the only reason Seth come and put a mill in here; so's to be handy to her. He was hot after her, to hear Seth tell, before Will come along and married her."

Marm Pierce said assentingly: "It'd see the kind she was, first time I laid eyes on her."

"Bart says she ain't more'n half decent to Will," Amy reported. "He says she's always trying a dig at him, and him too blind to see. Bart says he'd like to take a hand-spike to her, the way she treats Will. Him and Will was always friendly."

The older woman nodded. "Will, he'll go along blind about so long and then he'll wake up," she predicted. "When he does, the fur's bound to fly. The Ferrins was always slow to get mad, but it ain't safe to face 'em when they got their dander up. Man or woman, it ain't wise to make too big a fool of Will."

And she added impatiently: "Not that anybody'd make a bigger fool of him than he made of himself when he married her."

"Bart says he acts like she was made of gold and cream," Amy confessed. "She's got Will walking tiptoe around the house." She was a moment silent, shivered faintly. "Then we set fussy, after they've seen her," she said. "It scares me, some . . ."

Marm Pierce nodded grimly. "I know," she agreed. "Talking loud, and bragging and blowing, and then a-whimpering. But you're all right, Amy, with Bart there."

Amy turned homeward presently; but Jenny did not return for a further while. When she did appear, she gave no sign of what had happened; but she had learned that afternoon, to understand Huldy through and through.

*(TO BE CONTINUED)*

### Cold-Water Cure

Medical men the world over are returning to the cold-water cure as the quickest and most permanent means of relief for a number of ailments. The first man to use cold water scientifically was Vincent Preissnitz, who was born a humble peasant in the Silesian mountains. He watched wild animals cure themselves with cold water and applied the principle to himself with great success with wonderful success. Intensely persecuted by the orthodox medical profession, he persisted in curing by cold water where they had failed—broken bones, aches, and skin complains—and ultimately his fame came to the ears of the emperor, who made him a doctor. Preissnitz founded the first hydro; placing his belief in nature rather than in drugs.—Tit-Bits Magazine.

### Quivering Aspen Leaves

One of the oldest legends in the Christian world concerns the constant quivering of aspen leaves, even in apparently still air. A large number of persons believe the aspen tree supplied the wood for the cross and has never ceased to tremble for the part that it played in the crucifixion.—T. B. Lawrie, Winnipeg, Canada, in Collier's Weekly.

### The Famous Ole Bull

Ole Borneman Bull was born in Bergen, Norway, February 5, 1810. As childhood he developed a fondness for music, especially the violin, and upon a visit to Paris heard and was encouraged by Paganini. He first appeared on the concert stage with Ernst and Chopin and before long his fame spread over Europe.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson
By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Member of the Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.
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### THOSE "LAST WORDS"

There used to be a silly fad of attributing to every notable man on his deathbed some phrase which was supposed to epitomize his career. The stone cutter's chisel on the entablature of the public building is a bit by way of being a similar sentimentality—the attempt to provide an age with "last words." So conceived, how would this age of ours come off?

A bevy of reporters were holding what is technically known as a "death watch" on a famous man who was thought to be dying.

"What are his last words going to be?" asked one.

"He isn't going to have any," replied a confrere tartly. "Your city editor and mine can't get together on them."

But this story has a happy ending. The man got well.—"Uncle Dudley," in the Boston Sunday Globe.

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